Bring me the Sattin Coffin; lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A prieſtly farwell to her: ſodainely, woman.
2. Sir, we haue a Cheſt beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.
Per. I thanke thee: Mariner ſay, what Coaſt is this?
2. We are neere *Tharſus.*
Per. Thither gentle Marriner,
Alter thy courſe for *Tyre*: when canſt thou reach it?
2. By breake of day, if the winde ceaſe.
Per. O make for *Tharſus*,
There will I viſite *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nurſing: goe the wayes good Marriner,
Ile bring the body preſently. *Exit.*

Enter Lord Cerymon with a ſeruant.

Cer. *Phylemon*, hoe.

Enter Phylemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meate for theſe poore men,
It hath beene a turbulent and ſtormy night.
Ser. I haue beene in many; but ſuch a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.
Cer. Your Maſter will be dead ere you returne,
There's nothing can be miniſtred to nature,
That can recouer him: giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordſhip.
Cer. Gentlemen, why do you ſtirre ſo earely?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings ſtanding bleake vpon the ſea,
Shooke as if the earth did quake:
The very principles did ſeeme to rend and all to topple,
Pure ſurprize and feare, made me to leaue the houſe.

2. *Gent.*

2. *Gent.* That is the cauſe we trouble you ſo early,
Tis not our husbandry.
Cer. O you ſay well.
1. *Gent.* But I much maruaile that your Lordſhip
Hauing rich attire about you, ſhould at theſe early houres
Shake off the golden ſlumber of repoſe; tis moſt ſtrange,
Nature ſhould be ſo conuerſant with paine,
Being thereto not compelled.
Cer. I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning.
Were endowments greater, then Nobleneſſe and Riches,
Careleſſe heyres may the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a God:
Tis knowne, I euer haue ſtudied Phyſicke,
Through which ſecret Art, by turning ore Authority,
I haue together with my practiſe, made familiar
To me and to my aide, the beſt infuſions that dwels
In Vegitiues, in Mettals, Stones: and can ſpeake of the
Diſturbances that Nature works, and of her cures;
Which doth giue me a more content in courſe of true delight
Then to be thirſty after tottering Honour,
Or tye my pleaſure vp in ſilken Bags,
To pleaſe the Foole and Death.
2. *Gent.* Your honour hath through *Epheſus*,
Poured foorth your charity, and hundreds call themſelues
Your Creatures; who by you haue beene reſtored,
And not your knowledge, your perſonall paine,
But euen your purſe ſtill open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*
Such ſtrong renowne, as neuer ſhall decay.

Enter two or three with a Cheſt.

Ser. So, lift there.
Cer. What's that?
Ser. Sir, euen now did the ſea toſſe vp vpon our ſhore
This Cheſt; tis of ſome wracke.
Cer. Set it downe, let vs looke vpon it.
2. *Gent.* Tis like a Coffin, ſir.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* *Henry VI. Parts 2&3* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.38) Octavo